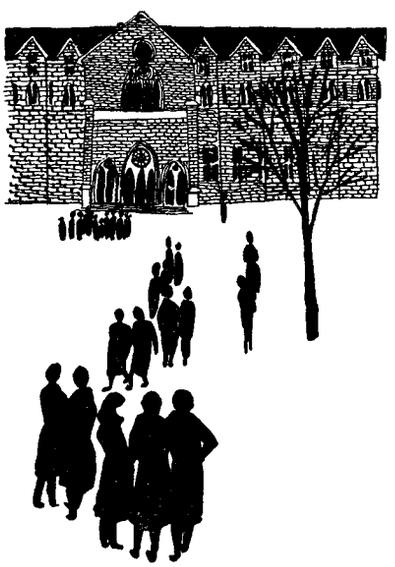
The Lesson of Anarchism
—Gunnar D. Kumlien

THE

Commonweal



CATHOLICS AND ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM

by Bishop John J. Wright

Princess Margaret's Choice

by John M. Todd

Shakespeare and Shopping-Baskets

by Walter Kerr

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And she brought forth her firstborn son,
and wrapped him in swaddling
clothes, and laid him in a
manger, because there was no
room for them in the inn.
St. Luke 2:7

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The Commonweal

week by week

NEED FOR A CHANGE

RECENT American foreign policy has had a prominence and an urgency that was lacking when it revolved around such concepts as the Monroe Doctrine and the Open Door. It has taken on a Clausewitz character, if of a defensive sort. The current debate about foreign policy is specifically a debate about our conduct of the cold war.

There is a real distinction between exploiting Administration defeats or victories for outright partisan purposes (as the Republicans often did in '52) and seriously seeking public support for new (or old) tactics. It is not always easy to draw the line. But when an Administration appears to be making mistakes in a matter as vital to the nation as foreign policy now is, all criticism can hardly be dismissed as sheer political partisanship. With the headway the Communists are making, the case for revision is compelling enough; the difficulty is to come up with a new and more promising policy.

Two aspects of the Soviet reality might serve as a starting point. The first of these is that the Soviet leaders are as bent as ever on world conquest—is it necessary to mention their intransigence about Germany, the latest squeeze on Berlin, their highly successful forays in the Mediterranean, and the tenor of the Khrushchev-Bulganin remarks in the Far East? While Soviet objectives are of the first importance here, the millions of people and various nations they have ruthlessly liquidated in the past, the millions they still hold in chains in Russian and satellite territories, and the victim-strewn road of their broken promises comprise the essential background.

At the same time there are signs that over a long period Russian Communism may itself undergo substantial change. Soviet recognition of the Titoist form of Communism is one of the omens. Another is supplied by the variations embodied in Communism in China. In neither case is there much evidence of an outlook that is more humane. But as the original Revolutionists die off and living standards in the Soviet Union continue to rise, there will be less internal tension, more contact with the outside world, more debate, important changes in official doctrine—all over the course of a long period.

Mr. Khrushchev is said to have told one of our visiting Senators that he expects the United States to go Communist within two generations. That prophecy accords well with the Marxist doctrine of inevitability. What appears much more likely, however, is that by then Russian Communism will itself have greatly changed.

CONFRONTED with intensification of the cold war now, and the little-discussed possibility of its *eventual* subsiding, what should the principal changes in our policy consist of? Most of them would appear to lie outside the strictly military terrain, where the Eisenhower calm and a generally efficient Defense Department play a major role. It is only that public expectations of economizing in defense expenditures, and lower taxes, should not be fostered at this time. It is essential, rather, to build up our military establishment.

But under present policies the United States is losing ground, and the Communists gaining. Particularly in the Far East, but also in Africa and the Middle East, the Communists—with their millions of unwillingly subject peoples—are succeeding in posing as the champions of anti-colonialism. That is why the cold war is going badly. That is an impelling reason for a substantial expansion and qualitative improvement of our information services.

A second requirement is extremely complex. How can the United States dis-identify herself from the policies of France, Britain, Portugal and other colonial powers? As several comprise our most important European allies, it is doubly difficult. Care can be taken to avoid such gaffes as Mr. Dulles' recent sympathetic reference to Portuguese colonies in India, but such restraint

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is clearly not enough. Perhaps our chief opportunity here is to become known as a moderating influence which exerts constant pressure toward training native leaders, developing native industries and setting up—and abiding by—timetables for liberation. Here we have financial and technological resources to bargain with.

It is in the economic area that the most sweeping change is needed. Much of the Soviets' most recent success derives from trade agreements and promises of technical aid. We can turn their initial successes to our own advantage if they arouse us to the plight and restiveness of the underdeveloped countries. Here, as in the case of political freedom, there is no comparison between the actualities of the two systems. The Russians are lining up opportunities to send in hundreds of their agents largely because of our own parsimonious and self-centered failure to respond to a great need; Soviet Russia is making great headway in a number of countries largely through our own default.

A substantial and imaginative enlargement of our economic development programs among the poverty-stricken lands, where underemployment and abysmally low production are rife, is something America should undertake regardless of the political situation. The strength of the case is multiplied by the apprehension that these peoples whom we have so long neglected may now be subjected to a new servitude—and our own national security that much more imperiled. At this peak of our prosperity, we must embark on a broad Point Four-type program that once and for all will thrust Soviet promises of lesser technical assistance into the shade. The situation clearly calls for a definite change in policy.

NEXT WEEK

REV. H. A. REINHOLD writes, in the Christmas Issue, on the liturgy and the birth of Christ.

". . . Then there is the cool and limpid current that runs in the liturgy where Christ-Mass and Epiphany assume imperial and purple color. It is the place of paradox—in the colloquial sense of the word—where such grandiose realities as the first chapters of John and Hebrews, Isaias 60 and the royal Psalm 71 are matched with the narrative of Jesus' birth and the gentle tone of St. Paul's letter to Titus. The very composition of texts and their selection shows the gift for majesty and grandeur. And all this is set against the background of Christ's final triumph in His Second Coming, the great Advent of the Lord, His 'Presence—Parousia.' "

UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

THE recent White House Conference on Education was intended to be a laudably ambitious analysis of America's ailing educational system. It is regrettable that any evaluation of the conference must point out that it made only one truly significant contribution: the overwhelming demand for federal aid in school construction throughout the country.

But federal aid was not the only, nor the most important, educational issue before the delegates, even though it is the issue made paramount by President Eisenhower, the conference itself, and the press. More money will not solve the issues left unsolved, and indeed, almost untouched, by the delegates: what are the school's educational aims, and how can more and better teachers be drawn into education by the prospect of making a vital contribution recognized by the community?

In setting forth the extremely broad statement of educational objectives, the delegates, in their around-the-clock discussions, seem to have been led by a pillar of semantic fire by night and a philosophic cloud by day. Their fourteen aims of education are largely platitudinous, often couched in the argot of educators, and more calculated to evoke somnolent agreement than sharp thinking.

The White House Conference was even less successful in dealing with the quantitative and qualitative aspects of our teacher shortage. Higher salaries, greater prestige and better selection and training are suggestions as welcome as they are obvious, but they will not solve the teacher shortage. The Fund for the Advancement of Education estimates that over the next decade the manpower needs of the schools will be met only if one half of the nation's college graduates enter the teaching profession—an unlikely event no matter how much the financial and social status of teachers may be improved.

The conference paid little attention to new and imaginative measures to meet the problem, such as the use of teacher aides, merit promotions, and the use of television in the classroom. Where imagination and boldness were needed to answer the problem of the Fifties, the conference delegates merely dusted off the solutions of the Thirties, thereby leaving serenely undisturbed the most serious threat to American education, the failure to bring the highest possible level of teaching to the greatest possible number of students. We can only regret that the delegates gave less satisfactory answers to the question: "Who shall teach what in our schools, and why?" than they did to the secondary question: "Where shall we get the money?"

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LABOR'S MERGER

SENATOR Barry Goldwater of Arizona, chairman of the GOP Senatorial Campaign Committee, sees the AFL-CIO merger as a sinister event and takes the darkest possible view of labor's intentions. His attacks have been intemperate, and it is no wonder that moderate Republican spokemen have been embarrassed by them; Republican Senator Case of New Jersey spoke for many when he described such charges as hysterical. This is not to say that the reunion of the two major labor organizations poses no problems. It does, just as any new power grouping in a society like ours does. But if Senator Goldwater wanted to exercise a moderating influence on labor, he certainly went at it the wrong way.

In this country, labor has always tended to react rather than act. When local business was the rule, local bargaining was the order of the day. When corporations became nation-wide, collective bargaining followed suit. When unions were fought bitterly by employers, workers fought bitterly against corporation police and special deputies. When convinced that labor's goals could be achieved by strictly economic means, labor stuck to Gompers' formula and avoided politics. When labor became convinced that its enemies were using the machinery of government to cripple them, the unions' interest turned strongly to politics as a matter of self-defense.

This general pattern of behavior is unlikely to change radically. Even if one were to say that it is good for democracy to have union men keenly interested in politics, the fact remains that current efforts by labor in this direction will probably increase or decrease in direct proportion to the extent to which labor's enemies try to use the machinery of the state to defeat labor's economic goals. For our part, we have confidence in the maturity and responsibility of the American labor movement; we think the leaders of the new body will face whatever problems lie ahead capably and patriotically. And in their comments on the new organization businessmen and public officials who would like to see reunited labor pursue a mature and moderate course might well display some of these same qualities for the AFL and CIO to emulate.

SECURITY AND POLITICS

THE Truman Administration was quick in countering the Communist threat abroad; witness the Marshall Plan, the decisive action in Greece, the prompt response to aggression in Korea. At the same time it was slow in recognizing the dangers of espionage at home, largely because it identified criticism of its policies with the Republican Administration; as a result the Democrats tried for a time to defend the indefensible. For this mistake the Truman Administration paid dearly at the polls, and the Republicans have continued to make capital out of the issue of security ever since. The question is, how long can this go on?

At regular intervals since Mr. Eisenhower took office, Republican spokesmen have released statistics which seem to indicate that the new Administration has ferreted out and dismissed thousands of security risks from government service. These figures are in turn used by GOP campaign spokesmen who get good political mileage out of the security issue. On the surface, at least, the figures released by the Administration have been enough to scare most taxpayers. But the problem is that the figures being used have never been acceptable as anything like an objective estimate.

Recently, for example, the Senate Civil Service Subcommittee went into the question of security dismissals again. With a Democratic majority and a Democratic chairman, the group can hardly be considered nonpartisan; in the end the subcommittee recessed indefinitely without even calling the chief Administration spokesman on the subject. But even so, enough facts seem to have been established to make one understand why the Democrats get hot under the collar about what they call the Republican "numbers racket."

The Administration claims that up to June 30 3,586 persons had been discharged from government service for security reasons. But counsel for the Subcommittee charged that an agency-by-agency check showed that less than ten per cent of this number were actually dismissed under security regulations; the rest, he said, were discharged under regular Civil Service procedures. The largest agency involved was the Veterans Administration which listed 449 discharged; inquiry by the Subcommittee revealed that 23 were discharged under the Eisenhower security regulations, 426 under normal Civil Service rules—and, interestingly enough, four of the 23 and 382 of the 426 listed were in fact hired by the Eisenhower Administration itself in the first place. Yet in the next election Republican orators will almost certainly be thundering about the thousands of security risks fired by the Eisenhower Administration—with, of course, the clear implication not only that all these thousands represented a clear and present danger to the Republic but that all were Truman Democrats.

Such Republican tactics will undoubtedly hurt

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and infuriate the Democrats, still smarting from previous Republican slurs on their loyalty. Yet this is only a minor result. More serious is the fact that the nation is poorly served by treating the question of security as a political football. If previous experience indicates anything on this matter, it is this: when the concept of security becomes deeply embedded in partisan politics, partisanship is served much more devotedly than real security.

WHEN SYMBOLS CLASH

GOVERNOR GRIFFIN wanted to prevent Georgia Tech from playing against the University of Pittsburgh in the Sugar Bowl on January 2. In acting to keep Tech out of the game, he has shown that there is much in American life that he fails to understand.

Without mentioning a particular team or event, Governor Griffin asked the State Board of Regents to bar all state colleges from competing with teams "where the races are mixed," or in games where the spectators were not segregated. But Georgia Tech was scheduled to play Pittsburgh—which has a Negro fullback, Bobby Grier—and the Pittsburgh stands were to be used on a non-discriminatory basis. If the Governor's request became rule Georgia Tech would be out of the Bowl game. The Georgia students were emphatic in their opposition to the Governor's desires. During an all night demonstration, they invaded the State Capitol, marched on the Governor's mansion and hanged his effigy from a sour apple tree. The head of the student body then telegramed apologies to Pittsburgh. Governor Griffin said innocently, "It was just a bunch of college boys having a good time." One Regent, who also wished to keep Tech out of the game, feared that participation would "show the world that Georgia stands for segregation where there is no money involved but will sell out when it is."

Neither the Regent nor the Governor learned what the students were teaching them. The students were not interested in settling questions of race relations, for they saw none raised. They were not interested in the money involved. They were interested in "having a good time" in the Sugar Bowl. That Pittsburgh's squad included Bobby Grier was irrelevant.

It was unfortunate for the Governor that he threw his challenge into the sports arena. Americans, and American students particularly, are noted for their attachment to sports. Teams arouse fierce allegiances not easily cast aside. And for many the concept of the "game" becomes a symbol. Around it clusters the values associated with the university or even the "American way of life."

In Georgia this symbol clashed with another. For one large area of our country has created its own image of the Negro and has raised this image to the status of a symbol. Around this symbol clusters what is feared and hated. This symbol is challenged now, but before the image fades, before the symbol dies—as they surely must—the Negro in our country may know more terror, fear and violence. For, in the face of logic or statistics or scientific proof, one clings to symbols he thinks meaningful, and that based on a distorted image of the Negro has long been nourished in this country. But it is difficult to give allegiance knowingly to symbols which oppose each other. The Governor has, all unwittingly, focused attention on a conflict, for if a person learns that color does not determine performance on the playing field, he may learn that it is equally irrelevant in other areas. By his unwarranted action Governor Griffin may have succeeded in teaching others what he himself seems unable to learn.

JAZZ IN THE COLD WAR

AMERICA may well have a secret weapon in the trumpet of Louis (Satchmo) Armstrong, currently on his fifth and most successful tour of Europe. His highly-gifted rendering of American jazz is outdrawing opera in Italy, winning him honorary degrees from venerable universities in Denmark and France, and is causing East Berliners to crawl under the Iron Curtain to hear the incomparable maestro at the Hot Club in West Berlin. In fact, says Louis, there is a Hot Club in almost every town in Europe, and he cites the phenomenal sales of his records to prove it.

Pondering his role as honorary president of Europe's Hot Clubs, Mr. Armstrong recently mused that if he and his band were sent into Soviet Russia, they might melt the edges of the Iron Curtain with some 'hot licks,' because "a note's a note in any language, if you hit it on the nose." But then he concluded modestly, "All I know is the horn, not politics and things like that."

Mr. Armstrong may be too modest; the recent European tours of various State Department emissaries have been met with somewhat less enthusiasm than has his present triumphal sweep, and their statements of diplomatic strategy rest on far less concrete evidence than does his suggestion about visiting "the cats" behind the Curtain. Mr. Armstrong may have hit a high, clear note; we hope the State Department was listening.

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Catholics and Anti-Intellectualism

"THERE HAVE BEEN GRAVE REASONS IN RECENT YEARS TO FEAR THAT WE HAVE FREQUENTLY REVEALED A NERVOUS SPIRIT OF IMPATIENT AND SULLEN ANTI-INTELLECTUALISM"

✠ JOHN J. WRIGHT

THE founding of educational institutions was from the beginning a primary preoccupation of the Church in America. In Baltimore, Emmitsburg and Washington our first seminary, college and university had their respective beginnings under the first bishop of the first diocese to be established in the United States. The first priest to be ordained in the United States, Father Stephen Badin, ordained in 1793, donated to the Bishop of Vincennes what is now the campus of Notre Dame University. One of the first dioceses to be cut off from the parent-diocese of the Church in the United States was Bardstown, and almost immediately there were established under its auspices a seminary of its own and then, in 1814, an institution for the education of young ladies, which became Nazareth College for Women.

Similarly, the first university to be established west of the Mississippi was destined to be Saint Louis University, then as now under Jesuit auspices.

Part of the motivation which prompted this early and so ambitious educational effort of the Catholic Church in America was, of course, protective. It sought to preserve the faith of young people who would otherwise have been obliged to seek their higher education in the aggressively Protestant seminaries of the East which were the colleges and budding universities of the day. But a greater dynamic behind this heroic pioneer educational program was something more positive and permanent, something that is revealed in the quality of our early Catholic schools and colleges. It was an understanding of the kindred roles of the priest and the professor, of the mutual relationship among all the agencies which elevate the mind and perfect personality. This positive motivation behind the effort to build colleges and universities as soon as we had built our homes and our altars demonstrates the authentic Catholic attitude toward the things of the intellect and gives the lie to any idea that the Church herself—as distinct from any or even most of her children at some given moment—is suspicious of the intellect, indifferent to learning or unsympathetic with scholarship.

That this same positive dynamic behind the educational efforts of the American Church continued throughout the nineteenth century is reflected in the public pronouncements as well as personal labors of two typical prelates of the last century.

Father John Tracy Ellis recently took occasion to recall the convictions so admirably expressed by Bishop John Lancaster Spalding in the sermon he preached at the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. There Bishop Spalding argued that all but the most unreasonable of our neighbors were even by his time persuaded of the depth and sincerity of Catholic loyalty, but on the intellectual level he found a less impressive situation and a much more urgent need. In 1884 he said: "When our zeal for intellectual excellence shall have raised up men who will take place among the first writers and thinkers of their day, their very presence will become the most persuasive of arguments to teach the world that no best gift is at war with the spirit of Catholic faith. . . ."

SO said Bishop John Spalding. It should be immediately evident that the converse proposition implied in his words is not less true, and that therefore the very absence of a generation of authentic intellectuals among us would constitute a serious embarrassment to arguments for the Faith which are in themselves unanswerable but which, in the unfortunate circumstances of the absence of impressive intellectual vitality among those who advance them, might have little cogency to a generation rightly or wrongly enamored of the intellect.

Archbishop John Ireland understood this clearly. Linking his plea for the development of a vigorous intellectual life among our people to considerations of a pertinent and practical argument for the Faith, he said: "This is an intellectual age. It worships intellect. It tries all things by the touchstone of intellect. . . . The Church herself will be judged by

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The Most Reverend John J. Wright, D.D., Bishop of the diocese of Worcester, Mass., adapted this article for The Commonweal from a sermon delivered for Founders' Day at Saint Louis University.

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the standard of intellect. Catholics must excel in religious knowledge. . . . They must be in the foreground of intellectual movements of all kinds. The age will not take kindly to religious knowledge separated from secular knowledge."

Lest anyone be tempted to minimize Archbishop Ireland's contentions as perhaps reflecting the special American circumstances of time and place in which he spoke, let us note the example so notably given in our own day by Pope Pius himself. In the incomparable conferences which he gives the world week in, week out—on philosophy, on the physical sciences, on literature, law and the widest range of secular subjects—he luminously blends the intellectual with the pastoral apostolate, all to the end that he may demonstrate how congenial are sound religious and secular sciences, how inter-related are the truths of both, and how he who holds the place of primacy among those who pray, or rule, or sanctify, holds also the place of primacy among those who teach and therefore is at home with the intellectuals—the poets and prophets—as well as with the priests and princes.

And yet, there have been grave reasons in recent years to fear that in our newspapers and our forums, not to say even on our campuses, we have frequently revealed a nervous spirit of impatient and sullen anti-intellectualism. Such a spirit is surely inconsistent with the enlightened insistence of our forefathers concerning what must be the attitudes and accomplishments of Catholics in the realm of intellectual life.

It makes little difference and there is room for much debate as to why so many Catholics have conformed to the prevailing mood of anti-intellectualism in our land. Perhaps Father John Tracy Ellis is accurate in his suggestion that such conformity may be part of the pattern by which our people have in all things sought to demonstrate how thoroughly "American" they are. Certainly, such a suspicious contempt for the intellectual life is far from being an exclusively Catholic phenomenon in the United States, but is, as Father Ellis notes, a fairly general kink in the American character. In Catholics, however, it is more unbecoming because it is so utterly out of harmony with any authentic Catholic tradition, and it is therefore the more painful that it should so often reveal itself on public questions and in community life as so entrenched among us.

THERE are, of course, refreshing signs of a re-quickened appreciation of the intellectual apostolate and of a re-evaluation of intellectual interests among Catholics. In recent months one may observe certain indications that the question of the role and the responsibilities of the intellectual, both in the apostolic life of the Church and in the affairs of the general community, is at last receiving some serious attention. In a recent issue, for example, the *Priest,* a monthly magazine published by priests for priests, editorialized on "the intellectual," remarking that the word has become almost an expletive among us—so synonymous with "egghead" and "bubble-head" that many would rather have reflections cast on the honesty of their ancestry than be designated "intellectuals" at the moment. This magazine finds the current distrust of the intellect largely justified in terms of short-range reaction to the follies of loosely defined "intellectuals," but it also declares the reaction itself to be dangerous, indeed disastrous in terms of any long-range and authentically Catholic outlook.

It is healthy that Catholics are saying such things with increasing urgency and apostolic emphasis. It would be not only disastrous but also a bitter irony if any school of voluntarists, preoccupied exclusively with the virtues of the will (even sublime virtues so saving as obedience and so noble as loyalty) were to gain such ascendancy among the sons and daughters

of the Church as to set at naught or almost annihilate the intellectual tradition in the household of the Faith. From the *"stat pro ratione voluntas"* of Luther and the *fides fiducialis* of Lutheranism, through the blind fatalism of Calvin and the perverse austerities of Jansenism, to the sentimentality and exaltation of instinct or feeling which, for all its superficial show of scholarship, characterized religious Modernism, the heresies which have divided the Christian flock in these last four centuries have been chiefly voluntarist and anti-intellectual. By the same token, the inspired witness of the Church—from the Counter-Reformation, the Council of Trent and the Ratio Studiorum, to the Council of the Vatican and the Syllabus against Modernism—has been a witness at once to the reality of Revelation and to the validity of Reason, to the essential part of rational elements even in the supernatural act of faith, and to the divine origin of the primacy and rights of the intellect in the natural order.

Since so many of the heresies which have wounded the Church and robbed her of so many of her children have been voluntarist heresies, anti-intellectual in

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their roots and pretensions, it would be pathetic indeed if anti-intellectualism now became a characteristic of those who have remained faithful to her obedience. What a tragic irony it would be, if, after centuries of battling for the natural law and the rights and function of reason, as well as for the primacy of the intellect over passion, emotion, instinct or even will, the Church should find herself represented in the world of the college, the press or the forum by persons contemptuous of that "wild, living intellect of man" of which Newman spoke and cynical about the slow, sometimes faltering, but patient, persevering processes by which intellectuals seek to wrest some measure of order from the chaos about us.

HOW can we prevent the spread of such a spirit of anti-intellectualism? How can we uproot and annul it where it may have gained ground? How can we foster anew a truly Catholic reverence for the gifts of the intellect and a wholesome vigilance for their proper use and growth? These are timely questions for our universities and, indeed, for all of us to face. An understanding of the sublime vocation and preeminent dignity of the intellectual involves no plea for intellectual license or academic irresponsibility. But it does imply that the "living intellect" has a certain divinely appointed autonomy and that every valid word of truth has rights analogous to that freedom which St. Paul proclaimed for the word of God: *verbum Dei non est alligatum*. We make no plea for disloyalty and we hold the will in no contempt when we warn against the voluntarism which is at the core of all Fascism, Red or Black, and when we lament an anti-intellectualism which mocks that spiritual faculty by which the sons of men most nearly reflect the image of the Eternal Son of God.

Perhaps at this moment it is necessary for us to develop a special patience with the bright and the sometimes irritatingly brilliant—a patience comparable to that which we have always virtuously tried to have toward the dull. Perhaps, too, we should be slow to label "revolutionaries" or "liberals" in any unfavorable sense those who have many ideas, including occasional disturbing ideas, instead of a mere comfortable few—or none! And it might be well if for a season or two we condemned intellectual sloth as often as we do intellectual pride. The dangers of intellectual pride are many and grave, and all would do well to discipline themselves in the moral and ascetical controls of this vice, as of all others. But the dangers of intellectual stagnation are not less grievous alike for individual personality, for the common good and for the Church. The wrath of the stupid has laid waste the world quite as often as has the craft of the bright.

Pride is no more the necessary concomitant of intellect than humility is necessarily the invariable adornment of those lacking in intellectual gifts. Teachers and spiritual directors may be well advised to remember that while it is doubtless better to feel compunction than to know its definition, still the grace to repent and to repent humbly is not necessarily impeded by an informed understanding of what compunction is, nor by even a knowledge of the bibliography on the subject, together with the history of those who have felt compunction to their own profit and ours—or of those who have failed to do so, with resultant grave loss to themselves and injury to mankind.

A typical Catholic university can do a great service toward correcting the prevailing prejudice against intellectualism by demonstrating that there is no "intellectual class" in the divisive and exclusive senses in which we speak of a "proletarian" or "peasant" or so-called "noble" class. Our students tend to come from many "classes" and especially from working and middle class families. When our universities develop the intellectuality which is latent in the common sense, good taste and alert minds found more or less equally among all "classes," they produce authentic intellectuals in the fullest and fairest sense of the term, whatever the subsequent special vocations or interests of the genuine intellectual.

Possibly it would break the spell and ease the tensions which surround the word "intellectuals" if we even stopped using the word for a while, and used instead the more rugged word "scholars," a more solid word, perhaps, and so easily associated with the word "saints." In other days men aspired to be known as "good scholars," and perhaps we would have more sturdy and more respected intellectuals if we intensified our efforts to make our students "good scholars" again. If the word "intellectual" has a recent history of effeteness and ineptness, certainly the word "scholar" still keeps its ancient and honorable repute.

IN any case, we must work urgently for the highest effectiveness of our universities in graduating lovers of ideas, intellectual scholars or scholarly intellectuals as you choose. Pope Pius XI is quoted as calling the loss of the European worker "the great tragedy of the nineteenth century," and the recent history of the part of the workers in the great struggles of the twentieth century confirms his melancholy judgment. Here, as in the loss of any class or any notable part of any class, is a source of embarrassment and grief to the Church. Given the nature of the new struggles which lie ahead, the struggles we describe by the awkward but significant word "ideological,"

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no tragedy of the twentieth century could be greater than the loss to the Church of intellectuals, those who deal in ideologies and who love ideas.

Speaking at the mid-century convocation at M.I.T. five years ago, Winston Churchill prophetically spoke of the great battles of the future. He said they would no longer be fought on the level of colonial empires, or political empires or for the dominance of empires of oil, precious metal or vast populations. The struggles of the future, he said, will be on the level of the "empires of the mind." The phrase is striking and it has the ring of prophecy. The battle for the minds of men, for the furtherance of ideas rather than political boundaries or military spheres of influence, is a battle in which the Holy Catholic Church not only belongs but must be victorious.

COMMUNISM AND THE FUTURE

The Lesson of Anarchism

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

ONCE upon a time there was a man who thought that it would be better for him to creep on all fours rather than to walk. After all, he argued, man has four limbs like the animals, so why not use all four. He decided to try and he not only succeeded in creeping fast but even, through intensive training, to creep twice as fast as he did at the beginning. This proved to him that his theory was right, and he could already, through a simple mathematical calculation, foresee the moment when he would run on all fours as fast as a hare. He was so occupied with his training and planning that at first he did not notice that the men who still walked on two legs were advancing much faster than he, and this in spite of the progress he had actually been making and was so proud of. He was compelled to realize that he was not, as he had thought, a forerunner, but that he was lagging considerably behind.

This strange little fable can be heard nowadays among non-Communist intellectuals in Communist countries when they have a chance to talk quite freely about Communism and its essence. For although they do not like Communism, they are extremely interested in it, and they know what they are talking about. The creeping man, who realizes that he is lagging behind, is the Communist, and the walking or running man is the Capitalist West, advancing faster and faster.

Many of the non-Communist intellectuals I met in Poland and Yugoslavia are quite willing to recognize the positive aspects of Communism, as, for instance, some achievements of the land reform, the full employment, and the increasing number of schools. But this is to judge Communism purely from the point of view of its effectiveness. And, they quickly add, there is no proportion between these positive results and what they have cost in money, in sweat, in blood and in tears. The system, if we measure production in relation to the cost, is simply inefficient. These same positive results could have been had with less cost in a Capitalist country. This is much more evident now, when the "stimulating effect" of the terror system under Stalin is gradually subsiding. The creeping man will not in the long run be able to compete with the running man—unless he changes. And some evidence suggests that he is reverting to the use of two legs.

There is much talk in Communist countries now about the forthcoming twentieth congress of the Russian Communist party in February. Everybody seems to expect great changes, even if all of the changes are not officially announced. The changes which already are taking place, be it in education, architecture, science, arts and literature, or in the attitude *de facto* to religion, all point in one direction. And these changes take place quite independently of the changes of temperature in the cold war.

When the achievements in a Communist country are compared to those of Capitalist countries, the great snag is always the difference in background. The Communists can always explain differences of standards in terms of these differences of background, and they justify present low standards by referring to former feudalism, illiteracy or even the heavy destructions of the war. Very often they are right, at least to a certain point—with one outstanding and striking exception, and that solitary exception is Germany. If a sociologist had wished to make an experiment on a gigantic scale to find out the differences between

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two political systems, he could not have dreamt of anything more ideal than present-day Germany, divided as it is into a Communist part and a Capitalist part, each with exactly the same background. The differences here are due only to the political systems. Here the creeping man and the running man are twins and the track is the same. Germany is the school example of the excellency or the disadvantage of the Communist system as compared to the capitalist system, and the peoples of the whole world are spectators.

It is hidden from nobody any more that the differences between the two are like night and day, and that they favor capitalist Western Germany. Even to the least knowledgeable traveler, Communist Eastern Germany looks now much as Western Germany did immediately after the war. I have asked many Communists from the East and from the West to give me an acceptable explanation for this and nobody has been able to. Some said that Eastern Germany, which is mainly agricultural, has had to build her heavy industry and that is the reason. As if an agricultural country—like Denmark—could not be prosperous and as if the enormous increase of heavy industry in Western Germany had impoverished it! The mere existence of a divided Germany could not be more embarrassing to world Communism than it is; in a way Germany is encouraging to the West as a sort of instructive exhibition.

THERE are strange symptoms within Communism today, in the East as well as in the West, which remind one of what has happened to another ideology born out of the same root, that of Anarchism. It is still too early to tell what the changes inside Communism mean, whether they portend rapid evolution, a deep inner crisis or—possibly—the beginning of the end. But what has happened to Anarchism is significant. Many today may fail even to remember what Anarchism is, or have at best a very vague idea about it, but only fifty years ago the crowned and uncrowned rulers of Europe trembled before it, and it was the nightmare of the police all over the world. Its fathers were two forerunners of the Russian revolution, Bakunin and Kropotkin, and it spread particularly in Italy and in Spain.

The anarchists were much feared, for their ideology seemed to have such an extraordinary impact on some of them that they gladly sacrificed their lives for it. Many of the young anarchists caught after having shot "tyrants" or thrown bombs faced without fear the hangman or the execution squad and died heroically with the Anarchist slogans on their lips. During the civil war in Spain they fought bravely against Franco, but then something seems to have happened to them, for young anarchists no longer appeared to be willing to sacrifice their lives and enter history in order to kill super-tyrants like Mussolini and Hitler, and many indeed were the occasions.

Still they were there, and Anarchist associations continue to exist all over the world. I have met many Anarchists during the civil war in Spain, and in France and Italy. They are themselves quite unable to explain what has happened to them, to explain why their ideology has lost its impact and no longer inspires the young to sacrifice their lives for an ideal. It just happened to them and they themselves did not realize it nor, for that matter, did anybody else.

The police forgot about them, and now there is no other organization in the world which more readily reminds one of Quakers. It is pathetic to watch them gather in certain cafes in Northern Italy, where they were once particularly important. These old men, most of them with white whiskers and huge white beards which make them look strangely like Santa Claus, sip their strong black coffee and talk softly about their past deeds when they changed the course of history.

Naturally it would be foolish to think that the Communists have reached the same point. Communism is still strong, its achievements are much greater than any Anarchism ever achieved, its efficiency against its enemies is still extraordinary, but the ominous symptoms are there in spite of all, the symptoms which recall the fate of Anarchism. In addition to the changes mentioned before, there is one that is particularly significant: the ideological indoctrination of youth seems to backfire more and more. For many

of the Communist veterans Communism was a sort of revelation, something which gave life meaning for them, discovered clandestinely under the pressure of persecution, occupation and concentration camps. Their hope was to make "born Communists" of a youth which does not remember the evil Capitalist age. The result is that this youth, confronted in school with ideological indoctrination, finds Communist theory as dull and boring as grammar and mathematics. This has created a growing concern in all Communist countries.

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The great Communist leaders are dying away, and their successors are not only looking more bourgeois than the representatives of the Capitalist world, but are even behaving like "nouveaux riches." The petty gossip about them in the East as well as in the West, the gossip the foreign diplomats are living on in the tedious Communist capitals, is revealing. Are these fat old men really more revolutionary than the Anarchist Santa Clauses?

Maybe it will be said one day that Communism was a sort of disease which attacked unhealthy Capitalist bodies, like Czarist Russia, China, Italy, France and reactionary regimes in the Middle East—and that they attacked it because they were unhealthy—sparing healthy Capitalist bodies like the United States, England, Western Germany and Scandinavia, where Communism is insignificant. And maybe one day it will have succeeded in eating away only that part of Capitalism which was rotten, like feudalism and industrial conservatism, even in the countries where it gained power. The results of the land reform and other signs seem, in many Communist countries, to indicate this as a possibility. And *maybe*—although the West cannot form policy on the surmise—it will finally be said one day that it degenerated into something as bourgeois as Social-Democracy. . .

FROM ENGLAND

Princess Margaret's Choice

JOHN M. TODD

IN COMING to her widely-publicized decision Princess Margaret, like many other Anglicans, was inevitably confronted with the basic doctrine of her Church on marriage, a doctrine identical in its first principle with that of the Catholic Church: "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

The Anglican Church continues to use the old formulas and still believes that they mean exactly what they say. It follows that a second civil marriage between a man and woman, one of whose previous marriage partner is still living, cannot be recognized by the Church, nor be celebrated with sacramental rites. Princess Margaret therefore had to choose between her Church and the man she loved. She chose the Church.

But the Princess's dilemma involved another factor. She is at the moment in the line of succession to the throne. If Prince Charles and Princess Ann were childless, she would be heir to the throne, and her children would succeed her. But if she had chosen to put herself out of order with the Anglican Church, she would have become incapable of being sovereign; for it is an essential part of the sovereign's position to be head of the established State Church. Therefore if Princess Margaret had decided to marry Group-Captain Townsend she would have had to renounce her right to the throne. The reason for such renunciation is not simply a disapproval of the sovereign's being married to a divorced person, even though many people would dislike it and the lawyers would be frightened of possible charges of illegitimacy against future heirs. The fundamental reason is that Princess Margaret could not have undertaken the government of the Anglican Church when she had disowned one of its principal doctrines.

It is the radical connection between the Crown and the Anglican Church which made the Princess's position so delicate. The British popular press failed almost entirely to grasp her position and to make the necessary distinctions. Thus it was that their wrath was unleashed against the Archbishop of Canterbury, in whom they saw a platitudinous busybody bent on making other people's lives unpleasant. Perhaps behind all their sentimental rage was a guilty conscience, a flicker of a suspicion in their memory that there had once been a king in England who contracted a succession of so-called marriages which no one could defend today as having been valid.

WHEN I outlined the situation of Princess Margaret to a Frenchman recently, he replied: "But the Anglican Church is founded on a divorce." Yes, the historical facts do suggest that; but official Anglican historians still maintain that the Anglican Church is the same body as that which comprised the Catholic laity, priests and bishops prior to the Reformation. In their view their position is not inconsistent. They are prepared, if necessary, to admit that Henry

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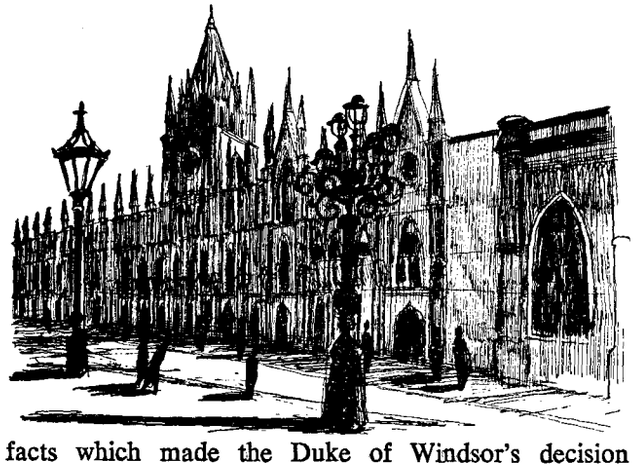
VIII in his personal life did not abide by the teaching of the Church. When he came to the throne, however, he was not thereby unfit for the government of their church, and they would claim that his private life was no worse than that of some of the Popes who reigned during the Renaissance.

How does this system of combined temporal and spiritual sovereignty work? Well, it just works. Maybe it could work only in England. The bishops have to be appointed by the sovereign, since she is head of the Church. However, the sovereign is not an absolute but a constitutional monarch; hence the appointments have, in fact, to be decided by the Prime Minister. He may discuss them with the Queen, but he alone would be held responsible if anyone ever thought seriously of raising the issue of the responsibility of the secular government for the appointment of bishops. Actually, the list of bishops today is not settled or even discussed by either the Prime Minister or the Queen. The Archbishop of Canterbury advises the Prime Minister of the appointments which he wishes to be made. Perhaps once or twice in the last fifty years the Prime Minister may have exercised a small secondary influence, taking exception to a man who might be considered dangerous in some way, but any such incident is so small as to be negligible in the final analysis.

What of the future? A number of Anglican clergymen will continue to press for the disestablishment of the Church to insure its protection against possible political influence on the appointments of bishops in the future. Probably the number of supporters of disestablishment will increase, but they are hardly likely to succeed while the present system works as well as it does. Since Princess Margaret's decision, sections of the popular press have been agitating for disestablishment as a kind of punishment for the Archbishop. But this cannot be taken any more seriously than their other comments on the affair. The present extraordinary, but typically British, way of running our religion and our politics will not be overthrown without a more obvious reason than exists at the moment.

THROUGH the solemn coronation and anointing of the Queen, the Crown and the Anglican church are linked to a conception of the authority of the Crown not far removed in theory from that which supported the European Emperors in medieval times. Crowned and anointed by the Pope, they were not less important for that reason, but more important. The theory of the divine right of kings was an attempt to draw more out of traditional monarchy than it could stand; it is stronger without any such extreme theory. St. Paul taught that all authority is from God, and the Church has always instructed its members to regard obedience to the *de facto* sovereign "in all save sin" as a grave obligation. It is not a far step from this to saying that authority, whoever actually exercises it, has a special religious, even quasi-sacramental, nature. When the authority is formally recognized by a coronation and anointing that takes place in a church, that quasi-sacramental nature is made explicit. These are the facts which made Princess Margaret's decision so important. They are also the



facts which made the Duke of Windsor's decision even more important. He has himself declared that he was determined to have his own problem settled before the solemn religious service of coronation and anointing had taken place.

The monarchy is still something much more than a presidency. The family which is bound to the monarchy cannot be regarded merely as a family which should exercise a good example. The real role of the royal family goes deeper, and in it can be found the reasons for the sense of relief at Princess Margaret's decision among the more serious-minded people in England, including the whole Catholic community. Her decision involved a recognition of the Catholic teaching on marriage which the sovereign is bound to support.

The logic of the present position will not find its natural conclusion in action, nor will the inconsistencies in the relationship between Crown and Church be ironed out in the near future. Meanwhile the popular press will probably continue to rage; Anglican clergymen will continue to preach in St. Paul's on the necessity of disestablishment; a Prime Minister divorced and re-married will continue to recommend to the sovereign the appointment of bishops whose names have been handed to him by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and those bishops will continue to maintain, as a principle, the permanency of marriage. The relationship between the Crown and the Church will continue to be expressed in forms which are illogical, but which despite the illogicality work reasonably well.

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Shakespeare and Shopping-Baskets

WALTER KERR

THE difference between the British theater and the American theater is partly a matter of Shakespeare and partly a matter of shopping-baskets. That some sort of difference exists has been a matter of complaint, and of all kinds of fanciful conjecture, for quite a long time. Plays that have run in Britain for two years and more ("Seagulls Over Sorrento," say, or perhaps "The Little Hut") have been ferried to New York only to fail in a week or so. Last season Christopher Fry's "The Dark is Light Enough," which had a modest but entirely respectable London engagement, aroused the utmost ennui in New York. This season has already seen N. C. Hunter's "A Day by the Sea," quite justly admired abroad, expire quickly on 52nd St.

The theory that accounts most rapidly and most mystically for the apparent sogginess of so many British imports is the theory of the "sea change." A curious 'something' is thought to happen on the ocean voyage over: a play that has seemed reasonably entertaining to an American reviewer holidaying in England 'somehow or other' turns damp around the edges when it is exposed to the rather more nervously demanding, more intensely-pitched atmosphere of Broadway. What the 'something' stands for, of course, is a shift in taste, a subtle acceleration of pulse-beat, that is thought to occur at midnight on the third day of any Atlantic crossing. The rhythm is different; so must the response be.

This vaguely consoling notion of an unavoidable shift in rhythm is usually illustrated by pointing a finger at two British 'weaknesses.' The British sense of humor is notoriously at odds with ours; everybody knows that. (The knowledge hasn't kept us from doubling up at the demure Briticisms of Beatrice Lillie, appreciating the ladylike eccentricities of our current visitor Joyce Grenfell, or, for that matter, finding something to amuse us in the works of Bernard Shaw; but still, the same things don't strike us funny, do they?) When we are not explaining that the jests that rock London are sedatives here, we are indulgently allowing the British their fondness for sheer talk. The British are extraordinarily patient; they are willing to listen to idle chatter for extended periods; they are, let's say, rather exhausted and they like to sink back into their seats and let actors lull them to sleep. (The fact that an occasional talkathon like "Tiger at the Gates" turns out to be quite stimulating here does not alter the root belief: British stage conversation is normally desultory and the American temper cannot be expected to endure it.)

This last observation is very easy to demonstrate, and make stick, because when British plays are presented here with American actors they do very often seem 'talky.' "The Dark is Light Enough" seemed endlessly, foolishly, almost maliciously talky. "Ah, that Christopher Fry," we muttered, "playing with the alphabet again." The funny thing about "The Dark is Light Enough" is that it was back in England that its tempo seemed quicker, its spine straighter, its stride more vigorous. Again, "A Day by the Sea" proved especially limp latter-day Chekhov here. And it *was* latter-day Chekhov. But where we saw only a languid and rueful wallowing in 'garden' and 'seashore' moods, London was offered precisely the nervous, impatient, heat-lightning excitement—especially in John Gielgud's trigger-taut, emotionally searing second act—that is thought to be characteristic of American intensity. In London the actors talked, but talked electrically; only in New York was there need for patience.

Looking at both plays in both places, the 'sea-change' seemed to be working backwards: high metabolism in London, low in New York. But it cannot really be supposed that American actors are less virile than British actors. What is it, then? Are the British simply *better* actors, more richly endowed? 'Better' is a red-flag word, and it starts an argument that nobody is going to win. Let's just say that British actors are, in one very important respect, different from American actors. They believe, and can prove, that a great deal of the vigor, incisiveness, and impact of a performance can originate in the area just above the neck. The mind can ferret out an exciting meaning and fling it at the audience, its energy still white-hot, through the mechanism of the voice. Whatever is verbal, or mind-driven, or consciously formal—and a great many valid theatrical styles belong to the group—is quickly, precisely, cuttingly articulated.

The best young American acting is, on the other hand, happiest nearer the bowels. Whatever is most expressive in our playing begins with a twist of the intestines, heaves its way upward through the chest cavity, and finally escapes through the vocal cords as

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a kind of strangulated and abrasive grunt or scream. (Our best, or at least our most clearly styled, work is that done by graduates of the Actors' Studio; it is characteristic of such work that what comes to the surface comes not as a result of vocal manipulation but almost in defiance of the speech mechanism, quite as though the speech mechanism constituted a barrier to expression, offered resistance to be overcome by force.)

We should never expect, then, to find British actors doing well with "Death of a Salesman" or "A Streetcar Named Desire," plays written specifically for our methods; British actors are not accustomed to seeking inspiration in the gut. Conversely, there is no need to speak wistfully of a 'sea-change' when the verbal flights of Fry or the exclusively mental torments of N. C. Hunter seem stodgy here; our players are simply untrained in the kind of cerebral and vocal projection these plays call for. If "Tiger at the Gates" succeeds here, it is because a British company has been brought to New York nearly intact; the only sad lapses in the evening occur when an occasional American replacement in a minor role begins to thrash, roar, and generally conduct himself in a manner that is native to him but unsuitable to the piece.

THE difference begins in Shakespeare. British players have certain habits of vocal control and vocal projection of thought because they have, most of them, worked for some years in one or another form of classical repertory. Repertory survives in England on a large enough scale to train actors because England has had at least one poet celebrated enough to serve as the core, impetus, and mainstay of such production. The existence of repertory depends to an extraordinary degree on national pride; though actors in every country dream of it, it never seems to weather its peculiar popular and financial difficulties until it turns up a local hero of sufficient eminence to drive respectful customers into the box-office, ambitious performers into acts of self-sacrifice, and laurel-seeking backers—including the government—into the conscience-stricken generosity that begets subsidies. (The cruel truth is that we are never likely to have a genuine repertory system here until we produce a dramatist so commanding that it would constitute a national embarrassment not to build him a monument.)

The British theater has many minor advantages: its film-making is done in the London theatrical environment, so that players who wish to appear in pictures are not hopelessly lost to the cause; its area of operations is confined to a tiny island, so that players can hop from London to outlying repertory theaters on what amounts to a commuting basis; its government subsidy extends now to such contemporary drama as "A Day by the Sea," so that a producer can corral stars of the magnitude of John Gielgud, Sybil Thorndyke, Ralph Richardson and Irene Worth for a single venture without chewing his nails over the salaries involved.

But its essential good fortune—so far as a certain level of acting is concerned—lies in its once having had a dramatist to whom it is under perpetual obligation. Since the plays *must* be performed, actors *must* learn how to perform them; and everything that is learned in the process is readily applied to other work—including contemporary work—that attempts the same predominantly verbal vein. Where we are still fighting to find our most appropriate and imposing form—the fight itself is often wonderfully exciting—the British player inhabits a defined form comfortably.

I'd say, offhand, that about half of the British plays that fail here fail because of this difference in actor-training. I suspect that most of the other half fail because they were never meant to be first-rate.

IT is difficult for us to imagine a play being presented on Broadway that does not *mean* to be first-rate; all of our standards assume that the dramatist is doing his damndest. The British, however, are a conspiratorial lot. They have a sly suspicion that an insufficient number of first-rate plays are going to turn up in a given season; they seem to agree, diabolically, that a fairish amount of cheerful hack-work can be tolerated by a secure people, that such tolerance may even keep a few additional theaters open and a few additional actors employed; they show a willingness to wink at work that is deliberately nothing more than divertisement and to provide compensatory creature comforts—liquor in the lobby, ice-cream and cigarettes in the playhouse proper—for those who patronize it.

No formal distinction is made between London's first-level theater (in which Fry and Hunter and most foreign importations are performed) and its second-level theater (in which Agatha Christie's "The Mousetrap" can run for three years). But the distinction is real. You can spot it, literally, in the air of the auditorium. No smoking is allowed in the presence of Fry; you can light up anytime with Agatha Christie. You can spot it, ahead of time, in the manager's advertisements. First-level billboards will stress star, author, and title, much as we do; second-level billboards are apt to scrawl "A Family Comedy" across the legend in type twice as emphatic as anything else. (An American manager would cut his throat before he'd put any such demeaning tag on an incoming work.) And you can always tell the difference by counting the shopping-baskets. Performances in both kinds of playhouse begin at the same time in the evening (rather earlier than ours); prices are the same at both windows. But the first-level theater will attract the equivalent of a New York audience: an audience that has made elaborate arrangements for dinner, transporta-

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tion, and a serious night out. The second-level theater fills up with folk who have come not long since from the department stores, who may have caught a sandwich at some corner shop, and who are just now dropping in for a little fun before bedtime.

England still has a large casual audience, an audience that may wander into a play almost as indifferently as it does a movie. (We have, for one reason or another, either lost or expelled this audience; theatergoing here is a social event, and a social struggle, comparable to throwing a dinner-party.) For this casual audience casual plays are written: simple thrillers whose programs request that you do not divulge the identity of the murderer, random farces on domestic subjects (I saw one a year ago that dealt with nothing more than the leading comedian's reluctance to pay his income-tax), jerry-built little tributes to wartime patriotism.

It should be obvious that these offhand entertainments are often local in appeal, not written for export; when they are exported to America it is usually by an inexperienced management that has confused length of run with a literary merit that was not even hoped for. And even where interest in these pieces might well be international, it could only be international on the Erle Stanley Gardner level; our theater does not, at the present time, admit that such a level exists. "Witness for the Prosecution" is, I think, the only import of this kind to have been successful in New York during the past nine or ten years. Characteristically, it has been given a firmer, more imposing production here—in London its barristers jollied the customers along like a couple of low-comedy clowns—and there is still a certain audience bewilderment that a major Broadway success should have nothing to recommend it but three or four walloping twists. We do not necessarily expect to be better amused; we expect the stage to pretend—always—to a greater 'importance.'

It isn't the salt-water that seeps into the plays coming over from London. It's a special brand of actor-training, and a jovial tolerance for penny-canny nonsense, that seeps out of them.

THE STAGE

IN DEFENSE OF FRIVOLITY

THE uses of comedy are various, and none more potent than the contemporary practice of displaying personality draped with the meager habiliments of wit. Mr. William Marchant has done just this in his new play "The Desk Set" (*at the Broadhurst*): about the central radiance of Miss Shirley Booth, he arranges frugal specimens of business-life humor, tacked into coherence with the paper clips of theatrical expertise. Mr. Marchant has transcribed for the stage the raucous detail of a Christmas party, at which a big blonde (perhaps from the Accounts Department) looms menacingly; he allows Miss Booth to get deliciously giddy and euphoric on Vat 69 (and do not the textbooks say, if your second act falters, brighten it with a drunk scene); across the sentimental horizon of his play, one or two clouds drift ominously, but even from the balcony their silver linings are perceptible. Everywhere, Mr. Marchant has sauced, spiced, heightened, and all of his efforts make for an evening of brisk commercial charm, the pleasures of which are those of recognition, not insight.

I record this opinion in full knowledge of the dour judgment passed on Mr. Marchant's slight entertainment by my critical colleagues. And again, I do not cease to wonder at the rigor and rectitude, the commitment to the sublime, exhibited by the gentlemen with whom I inhabit these lower and rather pebbly slopes of Parnassus. To one who follows respectfully their ecstasies and anguishes, the strictures imposed on "The Desk Set" seemed incomprehensible. And then I thought: does not the difficulty rest on two quite common misapprehensions—the first a refusal to admit that we must make adjustments in our theatrical experience; and secondly, the tragic confusion in our time of art with life.

It is futile to pretend that we do not make discriminations in dramatic value—erect, as it were, a different standard for "The Desk Set" than for "Tiger at the Gates." To suggest that this adjustment is one aspect of our total response is not to propound a new *trahison des clercs*: it is merely to confess that one is a being of various moods and capacities and possibilities, all of diverse depth and intensity.

The second misapprehension is more serious: the now familiar, but no less vicious, confusion between the concerns of art and those of life. To speak personally: I prefer, shall we say, to take my art straight: I do not want it cooked in a sauce of vulgar detail drawn from the 'realistic' world of dope addiction, sexual pathology, race prejudice or any other area inviting moral or social reform. We need not object to Mr. Marchant's adulterations of reality; no one is going to be taken in by his gauzy carbon copies of sentiment. But we should object to the liberties taken with reality in "A View From the Bridge" and "Inherit the Wind," for example: here the moral issues at stake are too important. "We are incapable of living wholly in the intense world of the imagination," Virginia Woolf has written in one of her essays. "The imagination is a faculty that soon tires and needs rest and refreshment. But for a tired imagination the proper food is not inferior poetry or minor fiction . . . but sober fact . . . authentic information . . ." Mrs. Woolf was writing of

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biography, but her observations are applicable elsewhere. And there is, I would submit, more 'authentic information' (not to mention pleasure) in the spectacle of Miss Shirley Booth reciting *Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight* (with a jazz beat) than there is in all the windy howling of some of our more "serious" drama.

About Miss Booth, now, the enchanting *daimon* of "The Desk Set": everybody, of course, 'loves' her; she is the matrix of democratic good will. In the past, along with others, I rather condescended to that public image (no one may condescend to Miss Booth's art which gave us, in "Little Sheba," one of the supreme portraits of the contemporary theater) but lately I have begun to take thought. Is there not a kind of wonder in the fact of an actress—or should one say woman?—being able to evoke so much disinterested and genuine affection merely by the quality of her spirit? What is the secret source of Miss Booth's subtle power? COMPASSION THE KEY TO SOLVING LIFE'S PROBLEMS! an advertisement from the *Reader's Digest* screams at me as I write this. Compassion. Is it that perhaps—Miss Booth's secret? Let it stand at least as my contribution to the Booth enigma.

OF three remaining theatrical events, let us say decently but without emphasis: they provide occasions. "The Heavenly Twins" (*at the Booth*) is an adaptation from the French, but even on the Blvd. Montparnasse, it cannot have been much more than rather cold and small *pommes de terre*. Still, however dead the tree, the branches had yet their moments of artificial glitter, polished by Mr. Cyril Ritchard's knowing direction, and decorated with the intelligent beauty and charm of Miss Faye Emerson. During the course of the evening, Miss Emerson found the energy to make several appearances in two negligees (of saffron and eggshell white), an evening coat (scarlet), an afternoon dress (color unremembered) and a mourning costume which ought with certainty to set the mode for funerals. Let me add that Miss Emerson in black, white, red or orange is very decidedly an object of theatrical interest.

"THE Vamp" (*at the Winter Garden*) permits Miss Carol Channing a rampant field for her own particular big-boned, Bennington excesses. There are interludes during "The Vamp" (as with so many musicals) when one may discern vaguely beneath its surface of frantic lethargy the vision which originally prompted so many people to spend so much money and talent in the manufacture of so much deadwood. Here, the image of Miss Channing as a provincial *belle dame sans merci* of the silent screen vastly allures, and the lady herself seizes brilliantly all her satiric opportunities. But at no point is she adequately supported by her collaborators, and the desperate hypertension of the Broadway musical has rarely seemed to me so exhausting. In the fading reels of silent film, there lies, undoubtedly, a first-class subject for the musical stage, but "The Vamp" is a good idea sadly fallen among thieves.

IN "Janus" (*at the Plymouth*) Miss Margaret Sullavan is still the constant nymph, lissome and chaste, broken on the wheel of mortal joy. How potently Miss Sullavan's fey intensities suggest the musty charm of *autres temps, autres moeurs,* with she herself a luminous figure out of Edna Millay, perhaps, or possibly one of Miss Dorothy Parker's delicately anguished ladies of sensibility—never to be trammeled by circumstance, not to be undone by time—burning fiercely her candle at both ends, but always, ever, with a hard gem-like flame. Miss Sullavan has, by now, transmuted all the mundane stuff of her daylight personality into the glowing dramatic image by which we know her: in this, she is at one with Hepburn, with Dietrich, with Bette Davis, with any performer who seeks to project his imaginative vision of reality. If her image dominates less than theirs, it is perhaps because of some taint of will, a suspicion of forcing: and further, any image of personality so decisively committed as Miss Sullavan's to the values of youth, ultimately offers less surface to the imagination. The poetic truth of Miss Sullavan's vision of reality is certain, but small. One might wish for her some extension of range.

"Janus" is the work of Miss Carolyn Green and a situation comedy of some intermittent wit: one of its faces is turned to the secure pleasures of domesticity, another to the ecstasies of the illicit. There is a very limited comic impulse in the piece, however, and Miss Green's ideologies of adultery are merely impertinent. Mr. Claude Dauphin has a chalky academic charm as the lover, and Mr. Robert Preston's bulldog vehemence in the role of outraged husband pleases, as ever, hugely.

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

ACHILLES' HEEL

ALTHOUGH no one accuses Hollywood anymore of turning out only escapist films, audiences still welcome controversial, well-made movies from abroad. They have several to mull over this month. Although the English movie "The Prisoner," bears the usual Hollywood tag: "All characters and events in this film are fictitious and any similarity to any person living or dead is entirely

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co-incidental," audiences will think of Cardinal Mindszenty, although they should by no means consider this as his story.

In the script, beautifully written by Bridget Boland from her own stage play, the country and characters are not named. The Cardinal is arrested and it is the job of the Interrogator to get him to confess to treason. Expecting to be tortured, the Cardinal warns his priests before saying goodbye: "Try to remember any confession I may make while in prison may be a lie—or the results of human weakness." But the rack is not used. The Interrogator, who has the advantage of having been the Cardinal's friend during the resistance movement in the last war, employs the far more subtle methods of modern psychology. In a series of seemingly endless conversations between the two men the Interrogator tries to persuade the Cardinal to consider him as the friendly doctor in whom he can confide.

It is to the credit of Director Peter Glenville that he was able to get so much movement and suspense into a screenplay that is necessarily talky and full of close-ups. The tension mounts continuously as the fascinating interviews go on and on between scenes showing the Cardinal in his drab cell lighted by one glaring bulb. But the film's success is also due to the extraordinarily fine performances of its two leading players. Alec Guinness, the comedian of so many brilliant satires, is superb in a deadly serious role as the Cardinal—devout in his cell, intelligent during the interviews, determined not to give in to the unjust men of the state who hope to use him to discredit the Church. Jack Hawkins covers the Interrogator's patient and cunning machinations with a benign exterior that never really fools the Cardinal, but helps to soften him when the deeply hidden secret of his past will be exposed by accident after months of devilish probing.

Hawkins pretends to be shocked when the Cardinal refuses to sign a confession even after being shown the anaesthetized body of his mother. He admits that he never loved his mother, who made his childhood miserable with her seamy love affairs and that he entered the priesthood to start life again, to escape his sordid past. Hawkins knows he has learned the Cardinal's weakness; he lets the prisoner suffer it out in solitary confinement until his guilt overwhelms him and he cries for the kind, gentle "doctor" to guide and help him. It takes no time then for Hawkins to persuade the weakened Cardinal that the only way he can free himself of guilt is to humble himself in public confession. The gaunt Cardinal, who now feels his life as a priest was a fake, confesses to every charge of personal and political corruption. Perhaps it is no wonder that "The Prisoner" has been banned in Ireland and also disapproved by the Communists. It is a powerful and thoughtful film, and its ending, though outwardly grim, swells with charity. The Interrogator, by no means proud of himself, resigns his post and admits that, in spite of all the political maneuvers, the Cardinal has defeated him. And the Cardinal, remembering his warning that any confession in prison may be the result of human weakness, faces his confused flock. To an unhappy guard, he says: "Try not to judge the priesthood by the priest." "The Prisoner" is one of those films that comes back to you again and again long after you've seen it.

THE latest import from France is also likely to stay with you after you've seen it—but for much different reasons. "Diabolique" is probably the grimmest study in evil that has turned up in films for a long time. Henri-Georges Clouzot, whose shocker, "The Wages of Fear," attracted great attention earlier this year, now outdoes himself with a mystery thriller. Most of its action takes place in a grubby school where the headmaster divides his time between his wife, who owns the school, and his mistress, who teaches there.

When the mistress and the wife decide to murder the headmaster, they lure him to the mistress' apartment in another town; after the wife dopes him, the mistress holds him in a bath tub full of water. Clouzot, who probably knows as much about directing a movie as anyone in the business, handles these scenes with such loving care that the audience almost seems to participate in the action. The horrors continue after the women load the body in their small truck and dump it in the swimming pool back at the school. Then, after several days, complete with shots of the scummy pool and the nervous wife waiting for the discovery, the horrors multiply: the pool is drained —and the body is not there. The next scene is in the morgue, which is lovingly inspected in gruesome detail. And then one of the little boys insists that he has just seen the headmaster at the school. By that time Henri-Georges Clouzot has you just where he wants you.

The cast is excellent—especially Vera Clouzot as the nervous wife and Simone Signoret as the determined mistress. Paul Meurisse makes the headmaster-husband so despicable you wonder that anyone wants him—dead or alive; and Charles Vanel makes the detective properly mysterious and wise so he can clear everything up at the end, which is, to put it mildly, "diabolique." Besides understanding how to use cinema to make one's flesh crawl, Clouzot understands evil. If anyone ever directs "The Turn of the Screw" he's the man to do it. But I don't think I'm quite the man to see it.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Revealing Example of Charity and Hope

THE CATHOLIC APPROACH TO PROTESTANTISM. By George H. Tavard. Harper. $2.50.

By H. A. REINHOLD

IF FATHER Tavard's book amounts to the break-through of charity and hope which it should, we Catholics who make great historical, moral, and dogmatic claims will have to match these claims by humility and charity which border on the wondrous. This book may open a new era in our relationship with what we call our "separated brethren." I personally hope it will, and I wish to make my own contribution. As a reviewer prompted more by good will than by qualifications, I wish to see this book in the hands of every priest and Catholic intellectual, of every minister and Protestant lay leader of intelligence and good will, to burn in our souls and to melt the icy crust created by four long centuries of controversy.

I know what my own un-separated brethren will say: this is an unequal position. We Catholics attack doctrinal positions, we inveigh against the founders of Protestantism, but look what they do: not only do their foremost writers impugn the sincerity of our leaders past and present, of every individual Catholic, of every grouping of Catholics, but, up and down the land they resort to "muckraking" that reminds us of political battles that emphasize scandals true, enlarged and un-traceable. My brethren would be willing to accept Father Tavard's book if vilification on the grassroot and intercontinental level were given a pause. This may discourage Catholics from joining Father Tavard and make him look like a Frenchman who irritates native American Catholic sensibilities.

My personal answer is that I can understand this reaction, but that I feel that the proper response is a refusal to be provoked, to retaliate, to sulk or to be, however righteously, indignant. Because charity advises us to forgive "seventy times seven times" —as Peter was told by Jesus—but also because the reason for this aggravating behavior of our separated brethren is fully explained in Father Tavard's book. Thus, before we refuse to sit down with his book until Reverend Smith down the block stops advertising fallen away priests, until South American missionaries stop christianizing neglected Christians—one priest cares for one hundred thousand souls, as compared to seven hundred and fifty in the United States—let us for Christ's sake, literally so, read this book. We will then see that Reverend Smith is in good faith and a little bit blind. The only way to make him of better faith and to heal him is the Tavard way: by understanding him.

He belongs to the great phalanx of blessed, well-informed, deeply loyal and charitable men who move quietly towards ecumenism: Max Pribilla, S.J., Yves Congar, O.P., the late Bishop Marius Besson, to name several of the most outstanding on one side. Father Tavard has the courage to tell us that Protestant ecumenism has come to stay, that it is not the indifferentism it was expected to be by our own authorities, and that it is gaining, not losing. His book is a valiant effort to show our separated brethren that their longing is not only echoed in our Church, but that its implications are realized. He tells us to face the present and to see the Protestant of our day not as a sixteenth century "heretic and schismatic," but as one with us in a most essential thing: in the love of Jesus Christ.

To foster better understanding of our modern Protestant and to show all the world the new approach, Father Tavard shows a deep understanding of what drove our forefathers to their respective positions of loyalty to Rome in spite of it all or to the acceptance of a breach in the name of conscience. He sees no way of direct healing of the great schism of Rome and Protestantism.

One cannot read his "Beginnings" in which he draws clear and distinct portraits of the Lutheran, the Reformed and the Anglican churches —never losing sight of their heresies and yet with a brotherly and sympathetic effort to understand—without realizing that if all of us spoke in this way, there would be greater hope. No Catholic will read his chapter on "Basic Doctrines" and "Anti-Roman prejudices" without a sense of relief that will help to dismiss the sense of exasperation one feels when faced with the utter incomprehension and cold hatred we sometimes meet in our contacts with zealous Protestants.

Another revealing chapter deals with official Roman pronouncements and shows a gradual progress in understanding of the "erring flock," a better way of being heard than the bald command to return to submission. Father Tavard knows and takes account of the past efforts, of their unfounded optimism, their dangers of indifferentism and their disillusions. Nothing deters his charity, and his hope is, in the last analysis, based on the prayer that expects little from human effort, but much from grace. The problem of approach now is less one of dogmatic differences, although they are the real essence, than of the complex of emotion, loyalties, prejudices, traditions of taboos and hardening of the hearts. If Father Tavard has achieved nothing else, he has probed into this focus of infection and irritation and applied a soothing hand.

It would not serve his cause well if he had brought us another thought, difficult even to formulate. This is the sense of loss we Catholics feel when we consider the areas in which the full richness of the "Catholica" is absent, but even more because of spiritual values that were created outside, that could have blossomed and matured inside our Church. *"Gratia supponit naturam"* can be applied here too: all the spiritual and cultural wealth of Northern and Eastern Europe, of North America and Australia, could have added to the life of the Church, and a balance against that kind of "Latin" quality the Protestant and "Nordic" man least appreciates would have been to some degree achieved.

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Limited Dream

THE EXURBANITES. By A. C. Spectorsky. Illustrated by Robert Osborn. Lippincott. $3.95.

By JOHN P. SISK

TO begin with, I can only presume that the title of this book is as strange to most non-New Yorkers as it was to me. The exurbanites, then, live in the exurbs, which begin where the suburbs leave off and which (unlike the suburbs?) are physically attractive and rich in historical tradition. They are also less crowded than the suburbs, more expensive to live in, further from the urban rat-race and register higher on the dolorimeter. This latter is a physiologist's device for measuring the intensity of pain, in this instance the torments of a competition that is "a bastard by Fear out of Insecurity."

Further, an exurbanite is not simply a dweller in an exurb; he is typically a displaced New Yorker who makes his living in the symbol-manipulating communications industry. From this frenetic activity he escapes five times weekly to cultivate his Limited Dream in Fairfield, Bucks, Rockland, northern Westchester or the North Shore. Mr. Spectorsky argues convincingly that the special conditions that produce exurbanites exist nowhere else, not even in Hollywood.

The author subjects this subspecies to thorough, witty and, to use one of his favorite adjectives, knowledgeable exposition: we discover what the exurbanite's working, commuting and domestic habits are; how much his home costs, how much he makes, how much more he spends, how much and what he drinks; where and how he relaxes and recreates himself; what his relations with himself, his superiors, psychiatrists, peers, inferiors, women and children are.

One might expect such a book to be, like a treatise on the care of Dalmatians, highly special in its appeal. This is not so. Though the book contains esoterica for the exurbanite that will puzzle the outlander, it is nevertheless relevant to the American scene generally. For to and from the exurbs come the admen, the account-executives, the directors, the producers, the writers, the editors, the actors, and the commercial artists who manipulate the symbols that more or less shape us all.

The point is that Exurbia is a microcosm, or, say, an exaggerating mirror in which the dreams, desires, snobbisms, anxieties and psychosomatic upsets of most of us are given back giant-size. The Limited Dream of Exurbia, that of a pastoral escape from the rat-race to a condition of rooted and luxurious security, is the Limited Dream of most of us; and for the exurbanite, as for most of us, what interrupts the dream is the nightmare that comes of worshiping the Bitch Goddess.

Those who have been impressed with the accuracy of such analysts of the American scene as Messrs. Riesman, Marquand and Fromm will be struck with the extent to which Mr. Spectorsky agrees with

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his predecessors in the field. This is to say nothing against the originality of his work or the fresh validity of his insights. Besides, if he had done nothing more than furnish a handbook for the fiction inspired by Exurbia and the communications industry he would have done a great deal.

Mr. Spectorsky is himself an ex-exurbanite deeply involved in symbol-manipulating, and is therefore inclined to write not only knowledgeably but with sympathy for the predicament of the exurbanites. He looks, however, with a cool if not cold eye. This is a help to the full presentation of his subject: a colder eye might have told us less of what it is good to know. The important thing is that he is neither deluded by the Limited Dream nor cynical about its vanity. My only regret is that Robert Osborn's drawings, which appraise the subject with an even cooler eye, too sparsely illustrate the text.

Life and Letters

THE LETTERS OF GEORGE SANTAYANA. Edited by Daniel Cory. Scribners. $7.50.
THE MIND OF SANTAYANA. By Richard Butler, O.P. Regnery. $4.

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

THE knowledge which I brought to these two volumes is, I think, probably typical of the interested layman: the experience of a few of Santayana's philosophic works, some poems (with the memory that they seemed old-fashioned), and, above all, an impression of a presence, a delicate and spiritualized image of the man drawn from the occasional news reports and articles on the last years of his life, the aged philosopher living in a convent, the agnostic tended by nuns. Even with such meager resources, with such casual attitudes, I found both of these books enriching.

The letters read like a fascinating novel; they seem almost fictional. They develop from a young Santayana who, somewhat aggressive, finds the German philosophers not completely to his liking, and enjoys his connections with high society, to a certain serenity near the end of his life. To be sure, Daniel Cory has included some letters which would be of interest only to the most scrupulous of biographers, but the whole, the volume in its entirety, projects the man beautifully.

One finds, for example, sudden passages which are extremely revealing. This is from a letter written in May, 1933, to the Marchesa Iris Origo: ". . . I disagree utterly with that modern philosophy which regards *experience* as fundamental. Experience is a mere whiff or rumble, produced by enormously complex and ill-deciphered causes of experience; and in the other direction, experience is a mere peephole through which glimpses come down to us of eternal things. . . I don't mean that these abstract considerations ought to console us. Why wish to be consoled? On the contrary, I wish to mourn perpetually the absence of what I love or might love. Isn't that what religious people call the love of God?"

If the *Letters* are filled with such insights into the person of the man, Father Butler's book, *The Mind of Santayana,* is an excellent attempt to synthesize these intangibles of temperament and attitude with Santayana's formal thought. It is written critically, yet without hostility, a careful exposition and interpretation by a man who knew—and evidently loved—Santayana in the closing years of his life. My competence is as I defined it at the beginning of this review, yet given that qualification I found *The Mind of Santayana* an intriguing, even a brilliant, book.

Father Butler summarizes Santayana's thought as the consequence of two assumptions: "materialism as to the origin of things, and a radical transcendentalism as an epistemological method." In doing so, I think he has isolated, in philosophic terms, the essential quality of the man, his withdrawal, his subjectivism: "By nature contemplative and by preference solitary, he is content with the internal intuition of essences and tends to scorn their presumed existential counterparts." This is all the more strange when one realizes that Santayana always insisted upon his materialism.

There is in Father Butler's book a well-defined relation between the man and the philosopher (this is perhaps the finest achievement of his critique). There is in Mr. Cory's edition of the *Letters* the man and his philosophy off-guard, as it were. Both are very much worth knowing.

Past Revival

BILLY SUNDAY WAS HIS REAL NAME. By William G. McLoughlin, Jr. University of Chicago Press. $5.50.

By THOMAS E. KENNELLY

"WHEN the preachers used to speak of adulteries," mused the unregenerate Mrs. Monday, "it would turn out after all that they were thinking of silk stockings, or women's bicycles, or mixed bathing." Transposed to an American setting it would be interesting to know what Joyce Cary's earthy heroine would make of Billy Sunday's campaign against sin. A more worthy subject for her disconcerting intuition would be hard to find. For mirrored in the career of the Rev. William A. Sunday were the frustrations, the ambitions, and the dashed hopes of a confused generation. His shouting-matches with the devil over the souls of middle-class America had as much to do with the death of a dream as they had to do with the Ten Commandments. When he used to speak of sin, it would turn out after all that he was thinking of booze, strikers and immigrants, or of modernists, socialists and intellectuals, or of "whiskey politicians" and the unemployed. Sin, to Billy, was nonconformity, and nonconformity was un-American.

Billy Sunday had a foot in each of two centuries: born at the beginning of the Civil War he died in 1935. Spokesman for a period of transition, he expressed the nostalgia of a rural culture for the good old days when life was uncomplicated and no

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conflict existed between the spheres of private and public morality. He was a 100% American, a prototype of his kind. Unable to understand the change-over from a nation of country folk to a nation of townsmen and baffled by the problems thrown up by the new industrial economy, he laid the blame for the ills of the country upon the most obvious scapegoats, — aliens, radicals, and all those who were bent on changing the status quo. He saw the devil's hand in the turn of the wheel which wrapped the myth of the "American dream" in the shroud of an unattainable Golden Age. And when from the platform he made his call for converts to hit the saw-dust trail "for God, for home, for my native land," he was pleading as much for a reaffirmation of faith in the American dream as for a genuine conversion to Christ.

We are indebted to Mr. McLoughlin for this excellent study about religious revivalism. *Billy Sunday Was His Real Name* is an objective account of the fiery preacher which places his career in the context of the social history of the early twentieth century. And it is in this setting that the significance of his message and the extent of his influence upon the evangelical churches becomes apparent. Mr. McLoughlin analyzes the mechanics of his campaigns, his theology, speeches and delivery.

Most fascinating is the picture of Billy Sunday as a business man and administrator of unusual ability. He had to be when the scale of his operation is considered. In the four years from 1912-1918, the expenses of his enterprise averaged almost $10,000 per week. It would not be unfair to say that the success of his revivals could be laid to his executive ability as much as to the undoubted sincerity of his message.

REVIEWERS

Father H. A. Reinhold is the pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Sunnyside, Washington, and a leader of the liturgical movement in America.

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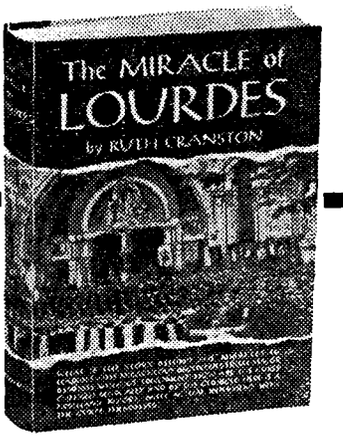
Thomas E. Kennelly is a Chicago writer who has contributed frequently to The Commonweal.



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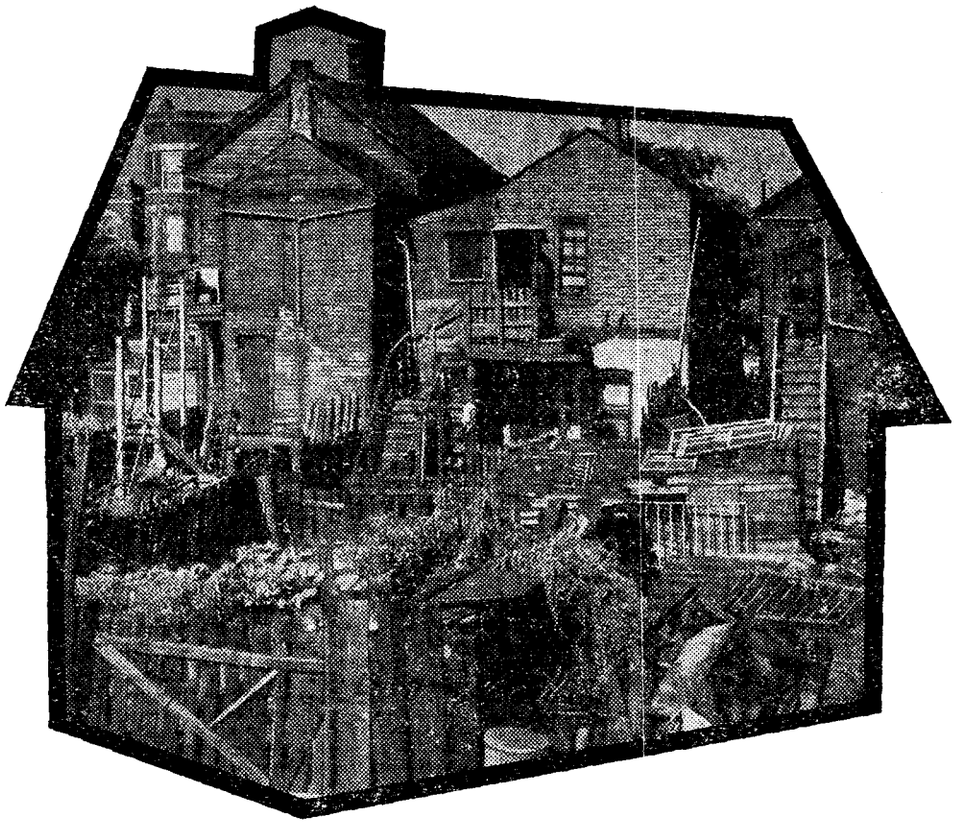

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That's why the 20 million homes that need repair and basic improvements deserve just as much attention as out-and-out slums. The time to stop their blight is now, before it spreads.

What can you do about this?

The answer to America's substandard housing problem starts with you. For it's up to you to keep up and improve your own home. And it's up to you and your neighbors to keep your neighborhood *and your whole town* in good condition.

Some slums should be torn down and a fresh start made. Others can be remodeled, made to conform to better living standards. So it is up to you to get behind every sound program which seeks to provide adequate housing for all our people.

New help is now available

There is a new national, non-profit organization called A.C.T.I.O.N.—The American Council To Improve Our Neighborhoods—which is designed to help all individuals or groups interested in putting America's house in order.

Send for a free copy of "ACTION." It explains what A.C.T.I.O.N. is and proposes to do. It lists booklets, research, check-lists, and other material which can help you. Address P. O. Box 500, Radio City Station, New York 20, N. Y.

ACTION

American Council To Improve Our Neighborhoods

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